

TEASURE TROVE

A PARTY OF FIVE HUNTING IN THE SIERRA MADRES.

For A Diamond Cross Worth Eighty Thousand Dollars.

On Money Put Up By Eight Prominent Gentlemen of Tombstone.

"O vale of Rio Bravo, let thy simple children weep,

Close watch about their holy Feirs, let the mads of Pecos keep.

Let Taos send her cry across Sierra Madres pines.

And Algodones toll her bells Amidst her corn and vines.

For lo, the pale land seekers Come, with eager eyes of gain.

Wide scattering like the bison Herds on broad Salado's plain."

The years may come and the years may go. But human nature in all ages and in all countries has been the same. Man in his wild desire to obtain wealth to become famous leaves his dear old mother his wife and his pleasant home, and becomes an outcast and a wanderer for years, risks life and liberty in search of this "will of the wisp." It seems that the few chances of success adds to this thirst for gold. We can now recall to mind the hazardous undertaking of five of our young men, who left Tombstone one year ago for the land of the mañana.

The many wonderful tales told about the Mexican bandits, their immense treasure vaults on the trail from Sinaloa to the City of Mexico, which has been locked up and concealed from the human eye for centuries. The vast accumulation of hundreds of years of robbery. These wonderful tales backed up by maps, letters and directions how to proceed, sent to this city by a San Francisco politician accompanied by a personal letter from the gentleman named, setting forth in alluring and attractive manner, the way in which he gained this knowledge. The name of the gentelman we have mentioned is R. J. Randall, and he occupies a position in the San Francisco mint, or did at that time. His letter sets forth that about twenty years ago, he had a mail contract in Oregon, and that he had in his employ, a Mexican by the name of Juan Garcia. This Mexican he says had worked for him for several years, and had always borne an excellent reputation, and was an industrious and sober man. Mr. Randall, who, by the way, claims to be a half brother of the Hon. S. J. Randall of Pennsylvania, says that this Mexican, in the winter of '61, became very ill, and thinking that death was about to overtake him, told Mr. R. that he had a secret to tell him, which he might use if he so desired, the Mexican demanding that a priest be present, which request was complied with, and he imparted the following secret. He stated that the age of six years, he was taken from home by his father, who lived in the city of Durango, and taken many miles through the state of Sinaloa into the Sierra Madre mountains, after following up a branch of the river Fuerte for some eighty miles, they entered a lonely pass in the mountains, in which was situated a cave of great dimensions, in which were living one hundred Mexican bandits, who plundered the government trains en route to the City of Mexico. The dying man then described the wonderful corrals, buildings, etc., connected with this cave. The lookout house which overhanded the trail on which their victims had to pass, is all described with wonderful detail. He also gave a true description of a valuable diamond cross, said to have been lost by Queen Isabella of Spain, the value of which was reported to be worth \$18,000. After this recital Garcia pressed his lips upon the cross and gave it his dying kiss to vouch for its truthfulness.

The letters tell a wonderful story of his sufferings and privations while a member of this gang, and finishes up his narrative by attributing the downfall of the robbers to the killing of a Catholic priest. It was then, he says, that all the trouble began, and ended in the destruction of almost the entire gang, while the balance had to flee from the wrath of the Mexican and Spanish authorities.

Now, to return to our boys. About one year ago, eight of our prominent citizens, after reading the confession and viewing the maps, subscribed \$2,000 to defray the expenses of the expedition, and secured the services of five mountaineers and prospectors of this camp, and sent them out to find the wonderful cave that contains so much wealth. After traveling about one thousand miles they came to the river described by the dying Mexican. After halting for a few days to secure some much needed rest, they proceeded upon their way, following this river through the deep and dark chasms of the Sierra Madres, until they arrived at what they believed to be the long sought for treasure. They found the remains of the once mighty corrals, and their crumpled condition betokened great antiquity. They also found the lookout house so graphically described by the Mexican, but the boarded up they could not find.

After two weeks of unceasing labor, sickness overtook the party—the dread yellow fever had a hold on the party, and there under the sombre shades of the Sierra Madres, under a strange sky and a foreign sun,

the four good men laid their entrails away to rest. One of Jack Young, so well known and so kindly remembered in this city, died up his life on this phantom trail to wealth George Bevans, another of the party, well known to our people had not long been dead for some eight months, but he has within the past three months fallen by to a portion of the Lawrence estate in England. The amount to which George's claim, who is six hundred thousand dollars, but his relatives cannot find him to communicate the justful findings.

We are of the opinion that the four survivors are still pursuing this trail which they expect will lead to wealth and fame. The steamer abandoned by their crew, is the vessel of the *Sierra Madre*.

The gentlemen of this city who expected to become wealthy in this Mexican camp and who advanced the money for the trip were Dr. E. C. Davis, J. M. Hunter, J. E. Palmer, Edgar Hilt, T. H. Sullivan, W. A. Taylor, and the author.

Ayer's Hair Vigor stimulates the hair cells to healthy action, and promotes a vigorous growth. It contains oil that can be supplied to make the natural hair beautiful and abundant, keeps the scalp free from dandruff, and makes the hair flexible and glossy.

We suggest the name of Julian S. Clark, for official trustee. Mr. Clark has served two terms as trustee and officer as we can learn, there has never been such an pride of him for the way he has conducted his portion of the school affairs. He is a man who is prepared to do the cause of education, and we say when we have got one of each man, let us keep him there, if he is willing.

We announce the name, without authority from the gentlemen, of W. S. Ayers as a candidate for school trustee. An acquaintance for a number of years with him leads us to believe that he will be the right man in the right place, and being the head of a family, the public can rest assured that he will work for the best interests of the cause of education.

We have been authorized by William Jenkins to state that he hereby challenges Jim Young to fight a prize fight with him on the Fourth day of July, with bark or soft gloves, and that he means business, and wants Young to either put up or shut up. There is a chance for our local sports to get up a mill, which will add to the attractions on the Fourth.

G. Gordon Adams departed this morning for Washington, to represent the Indian question of this territory to the authorities at there. He has been selected by whom, we do not know. He has never been a resident of this territory, he has only been a summer here, having been sent here as an attorney for the Townsite company, no wage litigation against the settlers of Tombstone. He would not know an Apache if he seen one, and could not tell if the question was asked him whether there were twenty or twenty thousand Indians on the reservation. The sum of \$750 was subscribed to seal him, and he is a candidate for district judge in place of Judge Fitzgerald the present incumbent, whom no better could ever be placed on the bench, we presume that he will use his time and utmost endeavors in securing that position for himself. He is a carpet bagger whom we have no use for, and has been known here among lawyers as an old hen who sits on a chick and no mother. We predict right now that he will never do us any service of good at Washington, and that he will only try to foster his own ends, and we ask of President Cleveland that before he appoints G. Gordon Adams as judge of this district that he send for a petition, and let him know such a remonstrance that will convince him that no carpet baggers need apply to this territory. Just before this distinguished Englishman's departure, he gives a campaign speech to a select few, who were all or nearly all, supporters for some of the cranks that will fall from the president's office table. While Tex Tomoxo desires this Indian question brought before the president and his cabinet, and would not throw a straw in any persons way, we know that a man who goes there to seek an office, will not antagonize the heads of the military and the Indian departments, who have a say in his appointment, and we believe that nine-tenths of the people of this territory will bear us out in what we say.

County Court.
Hon. Wm. Storer, Judge; A. O. Wildach, Clerk.
Court met at 10 a.m. The case of McLean vs. Easter et al, was taken up for trial, a jury being waived. The defendant was allowed to withdraw his answer heretofore filed. Several witnesses were examined for the plaintiff. As we go to press witnesses for the defendant are being examined.

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GENERAL GRANT

CAPTURED BY CAPTAIN S. H. HEMINGWAY.

In Florida, while Cruising On the Pleasure Steamship Pastime.

A DISCOURSE ON CIGARS—A NOVEL RECEPTION—AN AUTOGRAPH LETTER.

Washington, D. C., June 15.—"I have some bad news, officer," has been telling about the capture of Gen. Grant by Capt. John S. H. Hemingway. "I am the only man that ever outwitted Grant and I've got the word for it."

The captain proceeded to give his full account: "It was when the general was impaled by Sherman, Col. Peck, Grant, the author, Joseph Sedgwick, and others, making me a pair of tongs equally useful, was hunting in Florida. They had been besieged till they couldn't eat, and finally the commander of Jacksonville paid them off the steamer Pastime and started up the St. Johns between the winter rains of the railroads. Playing at the marts of Oklawaha, and Lake George, we passed these railroads, but the water had been flowing from the southward several days, and taking the water off the Yucatan bay to wash down the flats. The Pacific went back on. Up at Fort Marion and Panama and all around. Little groups were thumping at people waiting to give the party a welcome.

"I reckon they were feeling pretty hard," continued the captain. "They hollered at me afterward. On the bar I took them as I come in sight, with the arrow bound down the river. Most the Indians and Negroes that used to carry thousands of visitors on the Pastime to Mount Vernon year after year, they hollered me, and I soon knew the predicament. I whooshed up with pom-pom, but I went alongside, took on the distinguished party, exchanged the salutes to my sixty or so passengers, and turned back up the river. Gen. Grant stepped up to me as he came ashore and said: "Well, captain, you have the honor of being the first man who has ever captured me." But that isn't all I've got as a reminder of the occasion. Among my possessions I have an autograph letter from the general expressing his satisfaction of my treatment while he was my prisoner.

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—A. C. COOPER.

NIGHT GAME ON SHOOTING BUT THE SIGHT OF WATER LILIES, THE ALLIGATORS, THE REEDS AND THE WATER FLOW. I KNEW OF THE CRABS THAT WERE WAITING AND I SPENT THE NIGHT AROUND THE SHEEP FARM, SCRAPPING THE BRANCHES, AND UP THE RIVER AS FAR AS LAKE ERIE. GEN. GRANT AND GEN. SHERIDAN AND A FEW OTHERS TOOK POSSESSION OF THE PLATEAU. THERE WASN'T ANY STUFFING, SO THEY CLAUGHT ALL OF THEM FREE AND EASY. GEN. GRANT PULLED OUT A BUNCH OF CIGARS AND THROWN THEM AROUND. A GENTLEMAN WHO TOOK ONE, OPENED HIS KNEE AND PUNCHED A HOLE IN THE END, THEN TOOK IT OUT AND SNUFFED IT. "YOU SIGHTED ON THAT," I FOLLOWED THAT PRACTICE FOR YEARS, BUT ONE DAY I WAS SHROWN THROUGH A LARGE CIGAR MANUFACTORY WHERE CURRANTS AND NEGROES WERE AT WORK, SEVERAL OF THEM AFTER POLISHING THE CIGAR, WHEN THEY CAME TO RIP IT OFF THE HOLE END, WET THEIR FINGERS IN THEIR MOUTHS, DAMPENED THE WRAPPER AND THEN GAVE THE FINISHING TOUCHES. I LEARNED THEN THAT I HAD BEEN CHEWING CIGAR ENDS WHICH HAD BEEN FINISHED OFF WITH THE SALT OF THE MASTERS. EVER SINCE THAT TIME I HAVE CUT OFF THE TAPERING PORTION AND TAKEN THE CHANCES ON THE NICOTINE."

A NOVEL RECEPTION.

"It was 10 o'clock at night when we dashed out of the St. John's into Lake Monroe, a beautiful oval sheet of water six miles long. All around the edges were the smouldering embers of the big fire the people had started to welcome the party. I turned the Arrow's house whistle loose, and you should have seen those hundreds of fires relit. Then the canons boomed at different points, the bands began to play and the cheeks swelled. Just such a night as I don't believe was ever witnessed before. I fairly took the general off his feet. Practical and level-headed as he was, he could be moved, and he showed it then. When he left the Arrow he put his hand on my shoulder and said,

"very quiet like. Well, old boy, I'll get even with you."

The Latest.

Camp, Camp, June 15.—Mingo, Custer & Wellerman.—We have just received a cable load of wine, liquor, beer and cigars, and have had out some to entertain Capt. with whom he catches up with me. I send the remainder to you by express.

—G. W. COOPER.

TOWNSHIP JUDGE.

Mr. Hiram Carter—Has received the news, and our session is adjourned mighty tight. You can't afford to purchase, Custer & Wellerman.

The Bank Exchange saloon keeps the only grading brand of Tea Kettle whisky.

—S. H. COOPER.

At this of tomorrow noon. Clothes made, cleaned and repaired at the laundry room at the morning establishment of Mrs. Harris, Harris, in Bear's block, on Fourth street.

—D. COOPER.

The Bank Exchange saloon keeps the only grading brand of Tea Kettle whisky.

—J. COOPER.

Notice to the Public.

Having been suddenly called to San Francisco Dr. Dunn will attend to my patients and those who may need me during my absence, which will be but for a day.

C. E. COOPERSON, M. D.

—S. H. COOPER.

Notice.

Hospital on meeting at noon at the California house, 15 miles from Tombstone. Good food, water and shade. For price, address J. M. Nash at the Empire bakery on Allen street.

—A. COOPER.

Give the new tailoring establishment a call. I guarantee perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. All work done at short notice. Don't fail to see him.

Mrs. Harris, Harris' hotel block on Fourth street.

—J. COOPER.

OFF SHOOTS.

Good linen shirts \$1.25 at Meyers.

\$6 pants for \$1.25 at J. Meyers & Bro.

Oversize trousers 25 cents per pair at Meyers.

Fine hotel underwear for both Meyers.

Tea Kettle whisky at Rafferty's saloon.

Places for your own price at J. Meyers & Bro.

Go to Schwartz for your French kid shoes.

Kids every night at the Bank Exchange.

For genuine Tea Kettle whisky go to Capt. Rafferty.

Kids! Stowell's Hotel! At the Bank Exchange lodging.

The leather trunk given away with every purchase at J. Meyers & Bro.

The best children's painter's colors at the Cash Store of Walcott & Messick.

Three dozen eggs for \$1. at the Cash Store of Walcott & Messick.

Schwartz keeps the only first-class shoe store in Tombstone.

Fine imported bushes at the Fountain Hotel cooked to order.

All kinds below cost at J. Meyers & Bro.

Allen and Fifth streets.

Mrs. Jones, the enterprising proprietress of the International Restaurant, has secured the services of that monarch of the cuisine, A. Rosenthal, who takes the helm today. Cooking done in first-class style at the new rooms and places.

Fall stock car roofs for \$1. at J. Meyers & Bro.

Spring heel child's shoes in greatly reduced prices.

Good fine boots from two to five dollars at Schwartz's store.

Schwartz's tailoring suits and shoes for less than any other dealer in town.

Purchase your tickets for the big \$22,000 horse race to take place Sunday night.

The Pioneer mill-flour, Sacramento, is the best in the market. For sale at the Cash Store of Walcott & Messick.

If you want good pasture for your horses, send them to the California ranch, 15 miles from Tombstone. For terms and particular apply to J. M. Nash, at the Eclipse bakery on Allen street.

—M. COOPER.

Tom Jones of the Pony saloon has just received an invoice of the genuine Tea Kettle whisky, four years old. 42 cent.

—S. H. COOPER.

Notice.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to the late John D. Cooper, are requested to come forward and settle at once at the Bank of America, or the amounts will be placed in the hands of a collector.

—J. COOPER.

Charles Harris comes to the front. I received to-day, the latest and finest and best parts patterns ever seen in Tombstone. If any gentleman wants a pair of pants made from \$11 up to \$14. Come and examine my goods. It don't cost you a cent to examine my goods.

CHARLES HARRIS.

Dunn's Dock, Fourth St. Tombstone

—S. H. COOPER.

OVER THE CITY.

DAVIS TO TAKE AN APPEAL TO SUPREME COURT.

Mayor Thomas and Party Still in the Field—No Later Indian News.

G. Jordan Adam Takes His Departure—Court News General City Items.

A. O. COOPER meets to night.

Music, singing and square games at the Crystal Palace.

Read the new advertisement of Batten, Twiss & Co., in another column.

Anheuser-Busch beer on draught, ice cold, at the Bank Exchange. 5-2 ff.